



THE QUARTERLY

New Rochelle, N. Y.

March, 1941

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In This Issue

The March feature is an article on the popular Maurice Evans and his co-worker, Mr. Shakespeare. *Two Rarer Spirits* are seldom found in collaboration as Marilyn Brophy will tell you.

An analysis of the play side of the theatre is offered in a comparison of the interpretations of Marlowe and of Goethe of the medieval Faust legend. *The Teller Alters the Tale*.

We hope you'll agree as unreservedly with Janet Griffin's opinion of Ernest Hemingway's work as we do. Mr. Hemingway was sent a copy of this open letter.

In her discussion of the art of the icon, Dorothy Zwier describes the intricate, almost ceremonial making of icons which have a very important place in the Eastern Church.

The editors wrote the short stories this issue—*Dust of Life* and *Failure of the Brave*.

This is the valedictory number of the staff of '41.

The Quarterly

VOL. XXXVIII

MARCH, 1941

No. 1

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Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 118

Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 18, 1918.

Published by the Students of the College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Published in October, December, March, June
Subscriptions, \$2.00 per year. Single copies 60 cents.





MAURICE EVANS

Two Rarer Spirits

—Never Did Steer Broadway

MARILYN BROPHY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE seems always to be discovering a new public. Last year he made more money than any other playwright on Broadway and he has been dead for over three hundred years.

Some time ago it was the belief of the English actor, Maurice Evans, that if the theater was to cope with the movies, plays must be performed in big houses with plenty of cheap seats. This was where the Bard came in. That which was in Elizabeth's London could be again, this time on Broadway, in different terms but no less nobly.

Despite the notion held by the professional theater—that only the lightest of comedy is appropriate to the strain of these times—this stupid, staggering world of ours, all rocked in travail between thought and being, war and strife, yearns above everything to realize itself and become articulate. Never has it found such breadth of understanding, such melody of speech as in Shakespeare. He speaks for all times for all men, with universality of thought abounding. Trivialities are not the only function of the theater in war time. We need great poetry, great music, great technical perfection, great acting, to recall the imagination from the horrors of the battlefield. The only ideas which can affect people when they are welded together in that unity which is an audience are those fundamental ideas that are almost feelings. These root ideas of poetry, so well handled by Shakespeare, are love, death, and the destiny of man. With Shakespeare the audience is delivered to the sway of make-

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believe, but is readily assured that the make-believe is real.

There has been a new trend vitalizing itself in which we find the "essence of theater". It is the understanding between actor and audience achieved by the combination of art and popular appeal. If the stage has been petty or cramped it is because the cheaper side of contemporary life has been dominant. But now to innumerable doubting souls, Maurice Evans has brought the realization of John Mason Brown's contention that "acting is still one of the fine arts and the theater at its glowing best can be the most exciting of all the mediums of expression." Through his own initiative Mr. Evans has been largely responsible for introducing cultural revivals into the theater. He has achieved a merited success by virtue of his unswerving devotion to a lofty purpose and his tireless and unremitted industry.

Upon his arrival in this country six years ago, Mr. Evans immediately captured our attention and excited our interest by the skill and brilliance of his acting. He broadened his opportunities by his unusual vision and dauntless enterprise as a producing manager. When he conceived the idea of a Repertory Theater for classical plays, mostly Shakespearean, he was told by producers that such notions were "preposterously idealistic." Nevertheless he could not help feeling that in his particular case the ideal might turn out to be a practical thing. It was his sincere belief that in a country of 130,000,000 people who have inherited the language of the greatest dramatist, there should be some theatrical organization devoted to the task of keeping the major plays of Shakespeare constantly on view. He desired to build up an audience which would welcome experimentation while relying upon the great works of the theatrical library to give substance and permanence to the venture.

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This modern Shakespearean actor who is just thirty-nine, seems quite different from the pompous fellows of tradition. "He is of medium height, rather slenderly built and possesses an apparent buoyancy of spirit and youthful vitality. His hair is dark, his features regular and his face has a pleasing freshness." Bosley Crowthers thinks that, stretching the point, Mr. Evans could even be called handsome.

Maurice Evans' story has been one of incredible success. His sovereignty as an actor now seems to be as indisputable as it promises to be enduring. It is surprising to learn that he never had any desire to go on the professional stage until he was almost dragged on. But it is significant that he played his first part at the age of seven, as an amateur appearing in his father's productions of Thomas Hardy's novels, in Dorchester, England, where he was born. Not until he was twenty did he look upon the theater seriously, and he was firmly established as one of the outstanding leading men in London before he even thought of playing the Shakespearean roles which have brought his career to its present climax.

He made his first appearance on the professional stage in Cambridge in 1926—and only in 1934 when he joined the Old Vic Company did he swing into a Shakespearean repertoire of the Bard's most difficult characters. Unrestrained by preconceived ideas and unfettered by tradition, he fitted perfectly into the scheme of this company. During his one season he rendered nearly a dozen portrayals, astonishing in their variety, freshness, vitality, and dramatic power. His portrayals of Caesar, King Richard II, Benedict, Petruchio, Iago, and the full length version of Hamlet, established him as the leading actor of the English speaking stage. Maurice Evans and his colleagues had revitalized

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Shakespeare and made him again a living force in theatrical and cultural life.

After becoming a sensation in London, his fame traveled to this country causing Guthrie McClintic to seek him to play Romeo to Katherine Cornell's Juliet and the Dauphin in her *Joan of Arc*. Max Gordon next cast him as Napoleon in *St. Helena* in which he greatly added to his artistic stature in the eyes of the metropolitan critics. In 1937, after three years in this country, he aroused the press and public to unprecedented applause when he succeeded in producing *King Richard II*. The praise with which he was greeted and the profits he acquired were literally fantastic. Newspapers carried long editorials in which they said in effect, "This is Shakespeare as it should be done—thank God!" He was celebrated as if he had been Shakespeare himself. His play was called the greatest success of the generation.

The spectacle of an obscure Elizabethan drama, the very existence of which was scarcely known to the theater-going public, had been transformed into a smash hit. It opened new vistas of potentiality to producers and actors alike. It proved to the most skeptical that there was still some life left in the classical theater—provided young actors could be induced to assume roles long considered the exclusive preserve of aging barnstormers.

Shakespearean drama on Broadway had been lifted by Mr. Evans to a plane of popularity never attained before. Intelligence, artistry, and unity of purpose without regard for limelight, phoney buildups or the chicane of unnecessary accentuation, were still a part of the public's appreciation. Perhaps nothing that has happened in the theater in years has so fortified our drama.

In that same year, 1937, his portrayal of Sir John Fal-

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staff in *Henry IV*, Part 2, was hailed with enthusiasm. For this role he put on so many pounds with the aid of a corset of wool batting, that it was hard to believe that the reflective melancholy features of Richard could have been so transformed into the large nosed ruddiness of Falstaff. And Mr. Evans changed more than his size. To his spellbound audience, he *was* Falstaff just as he had been Richard.

His *Hamlet* was one of the best of all time. Acted in its entirety, it emerged as a grand and vibrant story much superior to the usual acting medium. The old Master himself would have marvelled, "*Hamlet* hath all in it as I wrote it, which is a miracle, for take it from one who has been dead these 300 years—'tis a wise poet who can tell his own play when the adapters are through with it." This uncut presentation provided a unique opportunity of seeing the play briskly and colorfully performed as it might have been in the Elizabethan theaters of Shakespeare's time. As for *Hamlet* himself—Mr. Evans gave an entirely fresh and modern representation of a pretty well battered stage character.

In his uninhibited characterization of the fool, Malvolio, Mr. Evans guarantees the brilliance of *Twelfth Night* by providing a perfect foil to the ecstatic naïveté of Helen Hayes' *Viola*. It is truly a great man as well as a great artist who can abandon his dignity to a ridiculous comedy part in the name of drama.

Notably assisted by Director Margaret Webster, Mr. Evans has progressed far in building up a repertory of classic drama. The fact that he had to come to America to do it is to our advantage. We stand much in need of his gifts, his ambition and his enthusiasm. For years people have talked of treating Shakespeare as a popular dramatist. Without

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any quibbling Mr. Evans and Miss Webster have come straight to the point and admirably succeeded in "giving Shakespeare back to the groundlings." Both of them can see through the lines of a part into the fire it represents. They have the courage to dispense with the heavy formality that plagues Shakespearean productions and performances, and they know how to make a ripping good drama out of the script material. Miss Webster is also without preconceived notions on production and brilliantly inserts her own interpretations between the lines where Shakespeare specified no stage business.

Mr. Evans has very definite ideas about acting too. "I'm sometimes accused of blasting the downstairs patrons right out of the seats with my lines," he says, "but I feel that if we are going to recapture the tremendously substantial and appreciative 'gallery trade'—it's up to the producers and actors to let them see and hear what's going on on the stage."

About his audience he says, "We sometimes have a few rough spectators in the audience—but a few rough spectators are good for a production of Shakespeare. After all, a good part of the Elizabethan audience was made up of apprentices and orange sellers milling around in the pit. Shakespeare wrote his plays for that kind of audience and the emotion of the audience as a whole, its interest, its laughter, are part of the action of the play."

As for his popularity with young people, he comments, "Wherever we go, kids come expecting to be bored—perhaps that's one reason why we've been so successful. What they see bears no relation to what they have learned about Shakespeare in school."

Mr. Evans thinks it unfortunate that children and even

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college students regard Shakespeare as deadly dull—unless they see a good performance—because of the way the Bard is treated in the schools by the teachers who want them to memorize his plots, his casts, his sources, and his dates. “Why not let them *act* Shakespeare?” says Mr. Evans, and naturally so because his plays were written to be enjoyed in the theater.

Shakespeare has been brought to life once more on Broadway and has succeeded in fulfilling his service to the spirit. Maurice Evans has almost single-handedly opened the way for him. The assurance of new splendors is there for all to see, limited only by the aspirations of Mr. Evans which seem infinite.

To quote Sheldon Cheney: “Love of people, richness of characterization, advanced dramatic structure, magnificent poetry that sings on the lips of the actor, keen observation of what lay about him, great understanding of the technique of staging and the actor’s art—but above all that humanity which only a genius who knew and understood and loved human beings in their endless struggle for love, life and soul, are the characteristics which mark Shakespeare as our greatest dramatist.”

Yesterday, today and tomorrow, he reigns supreme, eternal, of all times and of all people. Combined with the acting and producing genius of Maurice Evans, he upholds the theater’s greatness and vital part of life. Truly, two rarer spirits never did steer Broadway!

The Dust of Life

—Lethe of Dreams

DOROTHY ZWIER

THERE was a wry smile in the depths of his voice; it was a voice remembering.

"Peter Rabbit," he said.

"O, yes." She laughed softly.

"Know what he said?" They went back in time.

"Always. And I see you smile. So." She turned toward him in the darkness. "Only don't say it, please. Let's just walk. On and on."

They started down the hard dirt road again. The two ruts were dry and tightly packed, powdery on top with round, smooth stones imbedded deep. Gaunt weed-grass straggled, tall and limp, upon the middle hump. It tickled her legs, but she liked the soft touch, dry as parched whispers. They breathed and smelled and lived the warm summer night with its intimate, clinging air.

"See the moon. Only half a moon with a star to the east and to the west tonight."

He fumbled for a cigarette; he cupped the yellow match-glow within his hands; he drew upon it deeply, reaching out for her fingers.

"Let's say it's October now; let's see the leaves dipped in all kinds of wine to be the smooth yellows and the warm red. And they're falling on the doorstep. Such glories to rake up and pile over sleeping bulbs and around hedges. We won't burn them, will we? See the clouds in the sky tonight; they're moving so quietly. Just as we are."

She lifted her face to the dark massed foam of their

beauty and she felt again the smoke-touch of his cigarette upon her skin. Like a myriad of gentle kisses, it spread an infinite love upon her eyes, and mouth and brow all at once.

"The spruce will remain," he answered.

"O yes, beautiful against the white of the house. The dogs will romp with us and roll over in the leaves. We must remember to cut more wood for the fire this winter. It will be cold and a good blaze will be pleasant."

"There's a chill wind coming up," he murmured. "The moon is half-hiding."

They came upon the crest of the hill and stood looking out over the shadow-dark fields. Her hair blew across his cheek. He held her close and they waited breathless.

"Tomorrow—" she sighed with a sob in her throat.

"Tomorrow," he wondered. "But this will all be here even for the tomorrow after that. Look, my darling, over there. See the smoke stack beyond the first rise. That's Augustine's. And over there is Finchely's, and Crowther's and Dunne's. All the land, darling, is waiting. The wheat and the barley are coming now. And there's good pasture land with a stream for the cows and tall elms for shade. The apple orchards and the pear. The blossom and the fruit, the fruit and the seed, the seed for more of beauty and bounty."

"And away beyond is the mountain," she added, and they became silent once more and walked on the road pacing out their lives. In the cricket-chirping silence they wandered down the curve, over the wooden bridge, on through the pasture land. They passed Donnegan's crumbling field-stone wall; they came upon Donnegan's house. It was sheltered by birch and beech, and there were two spruces beautiful against the white of the house.

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"It's my house," she said suddenly alive. "It's my house and yours and I'm going in. Why should we stand out here? It was meant to be ours." She started up the lawn.

"Come back," he called. "Come back. It's locked. It's empty. You mustn't go in. You can't."

"I brought the key." She ran away and up the steps, and opened the door. He will come, he will come, she kept saying to the pounding of her heart as she darted into the musty hall. He will. She heard him call, plead, then step up on the porch. Her hands played like flickering white moths up and down his coated arms. "Why not, why not, why not?" she heard herself saying over and over again. It was only fair; they loved each other. It was their house, the cradle of their dreams. It would be so long a time, in so short a while. She loved him. He didn't love her; he couldn't if he didn't feel what she felt. The night was almost faded. So little a while left. She stood on tiptoe to kiss him; his lips were cold, immobile.

"It's not October," he said gently.

He turned to go, but with a sob she fled past him, out and down the lawn. He turned the key in the lock of the sagging front door, pocketed it, and went unseeing, toward the road upon which he had come. He thought about her and her thoughts that love was life and not death, not nothingness. Finally he came upon her, just past the crest of the hill. Her body was weary with sorrow, and her face pale as a white hawthorn streaked with dew.

"It may not be long," he told her. "You must talk to the Crowthers and Finchelys and tell them my goodbye. Stroke the little colt for me and take Old John the books I promised him. They're on the top shelf in my closet. Mother won't be able to find them."

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She said nothing, but rubbed her eyes with the palms of her hands, a childish, defenseless gesture.

"And, darling, here is the key. You must keep it safe until the day."

She held it mutely, treasuring it in the palm of her hand lying calm within his strong clasp. So they walked back with the salt of tears upon their hearts, and the hopes of the future wandering across their souls. They went back to her home where she was to live. And he walked on alone, out of her life and his. For war comes with hooded head and fiery fingers to gather first into jealous arms of destruction the young and the loving and the brave.

Sonnet

When petalled May has snowed the orchards under
And we have promise of a fruitful year,
The open poppies and the sound of thunder
That come with summer are not cause for fear.
But bitter-sweet breaks open on the wall,
And birds fly southward, and the nights grow long;
The scuffing leaves are silent now, and all
Too soon forgotten is the summer's song.

Then comes the winter. Far beneath the frost
The roots stretch ever downward, and before
The failing cause of winter has been lost,
Have drunk of fire from the planet's core.
So shall the heart in time of sorrowing,
Drink deep of promise and await the spring.

JOAN CARSON

The Teller Alters the Tale

—Faust and Faustus

GRACE LUND

THE *Faust* legend is based on the life of Doctor Johann Faust who actually lived in Germany in the sixteenth century, and who, for his unusual powers of magic, was said to have sold his soul to the Devil. He was probably designated un-Christian and evil because, in his devotion to purely human learning and respect for proof gained by experience, he seemed to slight Revelation.

Contemporary allusions imply that the original Faust was more a fool than a philosopher. A known contemporary ranks him with Paracelsus as one of the "wicked, cheating, useless and unlearned doctors." Another says he practiced magic, "this beautiful art, shamelessly up and down Germany with unspeakable deceit, many lies, and great effect."

Perhaps the rumored bargain with the Devil was publicity spread by Faust himself to attract an audience to his performances, for this was the day of country fairs and a universal consciousness of evil which had been engendered by the spirited Protestantism of that time and country. But no matter who started the rumor, it must have lured fearful, but tremendous, crowds.

At the end of his legendary twenty-four years of power (Goethe makes it a hundred) the notorious doctor was "carried off by the Devil" in 1525. It was rumored that his body lay face down in the coffin, and returned to that position no matter how often it was rolled over.

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Almost immediately after, the legend began to be recorded in "Faust books" and circulated widely through original and pirated editions. The first English edition, from which Christopher Marlowe very likely obtained the basis for Faustus, was edited by Spies, in 1587. This was but six years before the violent death of Marlowe, so it is assumed that he was the first to lengthily dramatize the legend in English.

Puppet shows representing the pact, pleasures, and doom of Faust had appeared almost before he had had time to turn on his face again. If the fair-going burghers could not see him who had contacted Evil itself, they were content with his best-selling biography and the marionettes.

One can imagine this German puppet show to be in the style of the age-old *Punch and Judy* of England. The Devil would have a domineering character and a loud voice, similar to that of the nagging Judy, with Faust as the hen-pecked Punch, frightened and helpless.

One cannot contrast the lives of the two dramatists of Faust too sharply, for though Marlowe was Elizabethan and Goethe more Romantic than anything else, they both had the insatiable desire for all that life could give that almost placed them in a class with Faust himself. Goethe lived to become more learned, however, more a true *doctor*, and his finished play is the work of a mature, wise man. His *Faust* is almost autobiographical. The reader sees him develop and change through the sixty years during which he wrote *Faust* intermittently, until by the end of the play romantic impetuosity has changed to classic repose, and the incentive for it all is forgotten in the wisdom of the older Goethe who was interested in things more universal than signing away one's soul with blood.

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Faust is almost eight times the length of *Faustus*, and while the latter possesses fine unity and dramatic force, the length and breadth of the former make it diffuse and dramatically impossible. For while Marlowe is content to have the unhappy doctor disturb his immediate sphere, Goethe uses for a backdrop the whole world, heaven, and hell, and projects his characters into antiquity and back to the present by the will of Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles is an entirely different person. Or rather, he is a person, rather than a personification. Marlowe makes him pure evil, without human complexities, an honest ogre, dignified and dramatic. The Mephistopheles that appears from the poodle, "the kernel of the brute," whom Faust has trapped by drawing a broken pentagon (three triangles, signifying the Trinity), is completely different from the Elizabethan conception.

His first words are humanly relieved: "You've made me swelter in a pretty style." It is not the last time Mephistopheles is to be ill at ease. Though in the Prologue in Heaven, he is dignified and confident, on earth he makes a fool of himself with almost human dexterity. And, when at the climax, he flirts with a cherub while Faust escapes, one wonders that evil is not much weaker with such an irresponsible guardian.

It has been suggested that Mephistopheles is a caricature of Voltaire, who seemed to contradict all religion and tradition, and with whom Goethe was known to have been extremely annoyed. Certainly Goethe's Mephistopheles is the spirit of contradiction, complete negation—a kind of destructive Mars in the pattern of creation.

The new complexity of character bestowed on Mephistopheles by Goethe is true of all his characters. The modern

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form of drama was an innovation in Marlowe's time, an outgrowth of the morality plays, and as such the characters of *Faustus* may be expected to be more simple.

Faust's servant, Wagner, merits more intricacy from Goethe. Marlowe gives him the yes-no lines forever common to stage servants, and then suddenly makes him a quibbling Shakespearean fool. That is all there is to Wagner—a stupid servant.

Goethe's Wagner is an adoring, intelligent scholar, working for his tuition. He is absorbed by theoretical knowledge as Faust was once, and when we see him many years later, he himself is a doctor, worshipped in his turn and pursuing the task of distilling a man with the mechanistic explanation,

*What nature organized erewhile
We now are fain to crystallize.*

Yet Wagner is emotional, as witness his complete gratification on being called "Father" by the little Homunculus before it flits away.

Much more time and effort is expended on Helen also. Faustus conjures her up because of her fame and is speechless at her appearance. Faust saw her face in a glass in the gruesome witches' den and straightaway fell in love with the first woman he saw. This was Margaret, or Gretchen.

Goethe treats Faust's affair with Helen more extensively, presenting their idyllic life together and even creating them a carefree son who was said to have been modelled on Lord Byron.

Previous to this the circumstances of Helen's return to Greece are set forth with a classic simplicity and fervor that puts Faust into the spirit of the *Odyssey*. Helen is a

symbol of all beauty to Goethe—especially the classic beauty of Greece. He shows her transported home like a spoil—as she had been transported thence—to where she is shunned by her husband and a sacrifice is prepared with herself the victim.

The other woman Faust loved was Margaret, the only completely good character in Goethe's play. It was she Faust saw after the vision of Helena. It was she whose life was ruined but whose soul was saved and who eventually saved Faust whom she never ceased to love.

This tragedy of Margaret or Gretchen is completely extraneous to the rest of the action, for it is hardly related to the theme at all. Yet so touching and memorable is the incident that many think of it exclusively when Faust is mentioned. It is mainly around this episode that Gounod fashioned his opera.

The factor that contributes chiefly to the lengthiness of Goethe's play, which has no part in Marlowe's *Faustus*, is the romantic extravaganzas that sweep over the stage which include, by allegory, all creation. There is a *Walpurgisnacht* in both Parts I and II, a kind of cosmic carousal in which all creatures, including the mythical, become completely carefree in charming, natural settings.

Then there are balls, festivals, assemblies, court functions—there must be ten thousand characters in *Faust*! All this is reminiscent of an opera libretto and many of the scenes and poetry cry out for musical accompaniment, as do most dramas of this romantic period.

Some of the most glorious poetry in the whole play comes in these seemingly unrelated scenes. When Faust has sought rustic forgetfulness of Margaret's death, the morning chorus of elves sings:

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*Night hath now descended darkling
Holy star is linked to star;
Sovereign fires are faintly sparkling
Glitter near and shine afar
Glitter here lake-mirrored, yonder
Shine adown the clear night sky
Sealing bliss of perfect slumber,
Reigns the moon's full majesty.
Now the hours are cancelled, sorrow
Happiness have passed away,
Whole thou shalt be on the morrow!
Feel it! Trust the new born day!
Swell the hills, green grow the valleys,
In the dusk ere breaks the morn;
And in silvery wavelets dallies
With the wind the ripening corn.*

The heavier, dramatic poetry seems greater because of its import. Such lines as those Faust utters on beholding Margaret in prison demand praise.

*A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here.
She dwells immured within these dripping walls!
Her only trespass a delusion dear!
Thou lingerest at the fatal door?
Thou darest to see her face once more?
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.*

Then there is the pathos of the irrational songs with which Margaret beguiles her insanity. The image of the mad Margaret is equal to that of Ophelia for the feeling engendered by both is tearful and memorable.

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A much lengthier article than this could be devoted to the poetic beauty of *Faust*, much of which remains even through the imperfect medium of translation.

The poetry in *Faustus*, too, is almost continuously great, though scarcely ever lyrical. Who does not know the lines with which Faustus greeted Helen?

*Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?*

Of course the chief difference of the plays lies in the character of Faust himself, for he is very different in the two versions. Marlowe makes him hungry for power and material wealth—a poor boy from the country who owes his success only to himself, as did Marlowe. Goethe's Faust wants knowledge through experience. As a scholar, he is tired of theory gained by abstract reasoning—he seeks to become universal through his senses rather than his understanding.

Marlowe's Faustus seems more to desire a hedonistic orgy—pleasure for its own sake—than does Faust. Faust is a mature man, seeking the aim of life, and rather bored with the festivals he witnesses.

Both Fausts are tremendously pressed for time, but while Faustus makes a strict bargain at the beginning that he desires but twenty-four years, Faust insists on his supernatural power until

*When to the moment I shall say,
Linger awhile, so fair thou art!*

So damnation creeps up on Faustus before he has time to fully repent, but Faust is prepared when finally he expresses himself satisfied. It is a good, constructive work that

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satisfies him—work that evades Mephistopheles' understanding.

In the Prologue in Heaven the Lord implies that man's soul is not his own to sign away and that so long as man strives he is not lost. Under this condition Faust's bargain in blood is an empty formality. Faust's soul was to become the devil's when he should become contented with what Mephistopheles can give him and he never does.

Grace is not considered in *Faustus* and Marlowe implies that God is limited by the legal right of contract. Goethe to the contrary, has God save Faust through the intercession of Margaret, as Dante was admitted to Heaven by Beatrice. *Faustus'* fate is more vengeful—a just retribution—while that of Faust recognizes the divine forgiveness and omnipotence of God.

Faustus, as has been previously mentioned, is closer in time to the morality plays, and as such is what Santayana in his *Three Philosophical Poets* calls a "religious legend." "The reward of sin is death." *Faust* is more philosophic. Goethe saw in him all the aspects of man, and moved by a "broad humanism," according to Santayana, made him "the type of the human intellect faced by problems of human life."

In the long narrative of Faust, he is offered all the alternate means of seeking happiness, but not until the end, when he loses consciousness of himself in work for others, does he find content. Poor damned *Faustus* lost his soul in vain for though he found gaiety, happiness eluded him.

Faustus is the story of a soul. *Faust* is the story of a man.

Liberty Cabbage Reheated

—Nationalist or Nazi

RUTH FOX

I REMEMBER being told by a solemn-faced seventh-grade teacher that in 1918 sauerkraut had been re-christened *liberty cabbage*, sauerkraut being too suggestive a name for such a good American dish. This bit of information gave me a nasty shock because it endangered my naïve faith in what I considered a wise and all-seeing public, whatever I considered that to be. Still I consoled myself by whispering furtively to my neighbor, a freckled-faced, buck-toothed boy, that it was silly and that of course it couldn't happen again—not *now*!

Since then I have awakened from my childhood dreams of *It Can't Happen Here*. The awakening was rude. It began one day when I suddenly became conscious that every radio within earshot was blaring either *God Bless America* or *I'm Nuts about the Good Old U.S.A.* at the top of its tubes.

The dream was gone. I steadied myself and opened my eyes. They fell on a nation wearing a highly colored rhinestone flag in its buttonhole, and displaying a lurid sticker saying *Home Sweet Home—Rah, rah, U.S.* on its windshield.

In a recent issue of a cautious and respected daily paper there appeared an account of an exhibit by a German artist which was accompanied by a soothing parenthetical remark to the effect that although Mr. W. was German, he was not a Nazi—oh dear no! This paper also contained a notice that the time-honored *matinée Wagner cycle* at the Metropolitan

would be augmented this year by two of Mozart's choicest. The columnist remarked that the touch of eighteenth century respectability was wise since Wagner has been so poorly attended of late.

New fashions in lapel wear, in band concert specialty numbers, in box-office receipts for *Siegfried* (rather on the nationalistic side, these *Wälsungs*), even in fashions of denunciation! Since Ekaterinburg anyone who displeased anyone else for any conceivable reason was branded a communist, with raised eye-brows. Now the offender is a Nazi even if he is totally ignorant of the National Socialist platform. Still, a little variety in vitriolics is refreshing.

Advertising has come under the spell. We are no longer urged to smoke a certain cigarette because it is milder than another brand, or because its tobacco is a superior blend of fine, delicate, imported, Turkish constituents. Now the inducement is that every good draftee smokes it, and who are we to quarrel with the army? Yes, the day of the lovely creature being offered the chosen brand by a tuxedoed bevy of equally beautiful gentlemen is gone. Now it is a smartly uniformed naval officer who smokes it, or a dashing member of the air-corps; or a doughboy to suit the taste of the less complex. Indeed to be the doughboy's choice is to be supreme!

Then there is another flavor of propaganda—a branch of the *novum organum* which is certainly more dangerous than the strictly pseudo-patriotic turn of mind. For want of a better name let us call it *anglophilism*. Those suffering from it wear gold and white enamel coats-of-arms in their lapels (the one that hasn't an *I'm Proud To Be An American* pin on it). They buy compacts and cigarette cases with the royal lions emblazoned thereon. They dangle a provoc-

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ative R.A.F. charm from their bracelets or watch chains as the case may be. All this may seem harmless and charitable, and indeed it may be so. Still, the fact remains that anyone who carried a compact with a swastika on it would probably be trailed by two of the F.B.I.'s best after the first public primping.

Happily, there are always bright spots to cheer us when we need cheering. There are always unsung heroes to restore our faith in man. One of these so warms the heart that even an *I'm Proud to be Drafted* button seems unimportant. The light-bearer in the case was a loyal and courageous girl who, it seems, was asked by an elderly acquaintance to be an usher at a D.A.R. meeting in place of a certain C.A.R. (junior member) who was ill. "Of course," said the lady confidentially, "It's a closed affair so I do hope you had an ancestor who fought in the Revolution!"

"Oh several," replied the girl sweetly and trustingly, "Why my Mother's great-great grandfather was General Burgoyne's aide-de campe, and all my father's people came over with the Hessians!"

I never heard whether they found an extra usher.

Sometimes people like to get down to fundamentals and look for single causes. If it is possible to reduce the tangled knot of 1918 affairs to one single loop, I doubt if it would be the *Lusitania* affair, or anything that went on in the State Department. It was more likely an accumulation of all the haranguing and lying of the petty politicians and war-mongers who knew that there was a constant in human affairs that would not fail them—mob psychology. They made their fortunes on the knowledge. Their object is not too clear in repeating the performance since the chance of capitalizing again is slight. Force of habit perhaps?

LIBERTY CABBAGE REHEATED

There has probably never been a book on European history that does not contain a chapter called "The Rise of Nationalism in the century" or some variation of that title. Those who write the history of the United States in the future will find a chapter to be written that they will call "The Growth of Nationalism in America in the Twentieth Century."

Indeed the child is almost a man. But the progress of any child is so gradual that his family never notices from one day to the next how large and strong he has become. It is only some doting relative who has not been in town for a few years who exclaims, "My! How you've grown!"

Tristan

From Cornwall where the gray sea breaks
On rocks as sharp as winter gales,
He set his course, and turned his prow,
And teased the wind into his sails.

On green-hilled Ireland's shore he found
The consummation of a prayer,
But stretching forth his trembling hand
He plucked the branches of despair.

In Kareol a shepherd's pipe
Is telling the low clouds above
The centuries of life he has
Whose voice is stilled by death—and love.

RUTH FOX

The Divine Simplicity

—By Light of Parable

JOAN CARSON

ONLY when a great truth is crystallized into poetry do we have words such as these: "I am the true vine"; and only a man who is also God could depend upon a vine to support the weight of His great teaching. Christ was not known to the kings who had branded the eastern world with the stamp of their authority; but He who had refused the kingdoms of the earth was known and loved by the poor laborers who spent their lives working in the fields and vineyards of Galilee.

The parable of the vine is part of the great theme which Christ developed to show us that even as the branches depend upon the vine for their strength, we must look to Him for the substance to nourish our souls. Christ has shown us His relationship with His Father when He said: "I am the Vine and My Father is the husbandman"; and with His disciples when He added: "I am the Vine; you the branches".

It was a beautifully complete picture, and it was clear to those to whom He spoke; for they were an agricultural people and knew that when the husbandman cut the dead branches from the vine, the vine became stronger and gave this strength to the living branches. Many among them had worked in the vineyards cutting the sterile branches that the vine might bear fruit more abundantly. Then as the day grew shorter and the vineyard was laced with shadows, they gathered up the dead branches and cast them into the

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fire. And the husbandman knew that his work would be rewarded when, in the autumn, the vines hung heavy with their silver-purple fruit.

Again, when by the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, Christ fed the multitude by the sea of Galilee, He spoke to them another parable: "I am the Bread of Life". Of all the similes Christ used, this is perhaps the most reassuring, and most indicative that He wishes us to turn to Him for everything that we need; and yet because of the very simplicity of His words they could not understand, and murmured against Him.

Christ could have said: "I am the riches of all the earth"; or "My power is a thousandfold greater than that of Augustus Caesar"; or even, "I am music purer than that which the harp of David sang; I am the music of the spheres." But He chose instead to speak the simple words which were bound to be misunderstood. The power of the words lay in their simplicity; for even the least of them knew that although men had died for far less than the gleaming stacks of gold which lined Solomon's vault, gold is not necessary to life; but bread is, for without bread life is not.

Bread came within the compass of their daily lives, and no matter how poor, each had his crust at morning and at night. As the seasons changed, so did the diets of the people. Fish was not always to be had, nor was fruit; for the dates which hung in heavy clusters under the sun had to be gathered and sold, as did the melons that ripened on the vines like pale moons, rich with a cool, sweet juice. And sometimes they had milk, and sometimes the amber honey that left a tantalizing sweetness upon the tongue; but always there was bread; life depended upon it—it was their very existence.

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Once again Christ spoke to the disciples, saying: "I am the Good Shepherd". And by these words He promised His help and protection, not only to His disciples, but to all those who were to come after them.

The disciples understood very clearly the significance of these words, for they knew that the life of a good shepherd was devoted to the care of his sheep. A shepherd of Jerusalem drove his flock into the hills; and while they grazed peacefully all day long, the shepherd was always alert to protect them from any danger. And when night came, and the people of the village told stories by the fire-side, the shepherd began his night-long watch.

The hills were lonely, and he had no company other than the constellations; and so he came to know the Great Bear, and the Dipper, and Orion the hunter, all of which formed a part of the ever-changing pattern of the sky. The shepherds were the poets of the time, and the dreamers; and unlike the unfaithful hireling, the good shepherd never forgot the sheep whose safety lay in his hands.

And again Christ spoke to His disciples: "I am the Light of the world." These words with their many-faceted meanings form one of the most complex figures that Christ ever used. Without light the world would be nothing more than a burned-out star on whose iron soil nothing could live; a dead planet like the moon which reflects, but cannot give light of itself.

Without light we would walk in a darkness so terrible that it could smother any spark of hope in the heart of man. And always, no matter how beautiful the night, we have turned to the east in the morning to welcome the rising of the sun, grateful for the beginning of a new day.

Before the birth of Christ His coming was a faint glow

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of hope upon the darkness of the future; but with the fulfillment of the promise the world was no longer in darkness of despair and doubt; it was bright with the truth and the splendor of His teaching.

It was in keeping with His kindness and sympathy that Christ should use the simplest and most familiar things to illustrate His teaching. There was nothing learned or exotic about His parables; He spoke of things and of situations with which the people were all familiar; the shepherd whose flock needed guidance, the vine which bore fruit more plentifully after the dead branches had been cut away, and most important, and yet simplest of all,—a piece of bread.

More Than Spring

Eleven within the room were waiting,
Waiting long through a night of rain;
And the west wind strummed at the wire grating,
And whipped like a lash on the window pane.

John stood straight, and his throat was taut,
And his eyes were dark as the stormy bay;
To Peter he looked for the help he sought,
But Peter had turned his head away.

They paced the length of the narrow room,
And swallowed the words they would not say;
For Christ lay dead in the rich man's tomb.
They would not question, and could not pray.

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When morning spilled its silver light
Over the hills on the rain-drenched land,
They all arose from a restless night,
And two took leave of the somber band.

For in silence Peter and John
Went to the door and stepped outside
Into the fragrant silver dawn;
The second since their God had died.

And the tired world looked young again,
It sparkled as bright as a dream-built thing,
With its dust washed off in the long night's rain;
And Peter smiled, and he said, "It's spring".

They met three women who cried, "We swear
Your quest is useless; we know that He
Whom you are seeking is not there;
He has risen, and gone to Galilee."

And half believing the words were true,
And half believing the women lied;
Without a question strode on the two,
And sought the tomb: it was open wide!

Theirs was a hope that would not die;
Theirs was a joy that could break the clear
Fragile bubble of earth and sky.
"Christ is risen; He is not here."

JOAN CARSON

Exotic Art of Holy Russia

—Inspired Iconography

DOROTHY ZWIER

NORTH of the Holy Land, north, northeast and north, northwest, up past bright waters and fertile plains, black, rich earth rolls onward into grass-laden steppes. Up winding rivers, across bare plateaus, behold towering mountains and then waste lands ice-laid and rock-bound, land reaching to the Arctic and land flung far to the East. Travel the land by foot, by horse, by horse and sleigh.

Envoys journeyed to the south; then to the north again, bringing with them the new religion, Christianity. The code, the creed, the cult of the Eastern Orthodox Church was adopted. From the Tsar and the court, the religion received a royal sponsoring; so in Russia there were no persecutions, no martyrdoms, no slow and torturous spreading of the faith from the common people upward. The movement toward the religion came from within Russia herself. The desire was strong at the root, and the branches and fruit were correspondingly vital and hearty. The first cathedral was built in 989, and Novgorod was the center of the new religion.

In the life-teeming city of Byzantium art was the handmaiden of a religion which shunned all sculpture and carvings. The crucifixes were flat, painted wood, either enameled or coated with gold or silver. The churches were flatly lined with the gleaming austerity of marble, the delicate beauty of mosaics, or the warm colors of narrative frescoes. Byzan-

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tium was rich in precious silks, ivories, caskets, diptychs, reliquaries, and altar screens. It possessed the first icons painted; and the icon was a stable form representing Christian dogma. It explained the invisible by means of the visible; it revealed the need of theological exactness, a craving for order, a realization of the significance of the liturgy.

The art of painting holy images became in Russia a missionary force, as the icons revealed the faith in pictorial form to an illiterate people. Many of the paintings were small, portable, and contained crowded groups of figures in order to tell as much as possible. They were carried on the person; they were hung in the main room of every dwelling and often the peasants burnt sunflower seed oil before them. They were taken into the churches and placed on a rail which finally became, because of the number of rows of icons, an iconostas, or screen separating the sanctuary from the rest of the church.

Although the first icons were painted in the eleventh century, it was not until the thirteenth that a definite Russian religious art was fully formed. Through the succeeding centuries, the work can only vaguely be classified into known schools because the artists considered it a sacrilege to put their signatures beneath holy images. These icon-makers were dedicated to moral and spiritual covenants, the most important of which were the Stoglav Rules, prescribing both the technique of the art and the laws of the artist's behavior and life. "Humble, lenient, pious, does it befit the painter to be," the law reads. He was forbidden "to gossip, to be facetious, to be quarrelsome or envious;" nor could he be a drunkard, a robber, or a murderer.

The Stoglav sought to preserve the purity of the body as well as the purity of the spirit; for, to paint a holy pic-

ture it was necessary to lead a holy life. Sometimes the iconographers worked on the lonely steppes or in the deep forests or within the cell of a monastery, for many of the greatest painters were monks. Those who were not, were cautioned to take their worldly and spiritual problems to the monks, to keep the fast-days, to pray, to be humble. The Stoglav promised the artist he would be above the "common people", that the Tsar would reward him with gifts, that the Metropolitan would protect him. Besides emphasizing the ability to draw an image, the Stoglav treated the necessity of divine inspiration. Schools were provided so that "painters should accept pupils, watch over them, and teach them with all piety, and purity". The Metropolitan, or church potentate, was instructed to help the ones gifted by God. No favoritism at the expense of art was to be tolerated; no talent must remain hidden.

The Stoglav mentions that it is of primary importance that art does not belong to the artist, but to the world outside, the world which must enjoy the creation of the artist.

No painter was allowed to do the "work of God" carelessly, and it was forbidden to sell mediocre icons to the peasants.

The icons of Russia reveal the secret yearnings of a whole people and of entire families. They have witnessed the greatest tide of human drama the world has evolved; they have passed from one generation to the next, bringing the blessings of the ancestors. The Church has given them its blessing above all, and they have become a sacramental. Once Russia possessed over two hundred miracle working icons of Our Lady alone. They are most exquisitely beautiful in execution, a most real Christian art. In them, the dogma is represented in all its purity. In them is found the

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white truth that the God who inspires the artist is more important than the human art produced.

The inspiration was not drawn from nature, but from the inner life. The modeling was not prompted from human beings, but from the mind of the artist. Celestial faces must be produced, not those of human expression, so they are not meant to be real. There is a masculine coldness to them, compared to the tender grace of the Gothic and Renaissance Italian and French paintings. Neither the Virgin nor the Christ Child is so human as those of Raphael or Murillo. The faces are serious and stern, animated with a high purpose. The hands and noses are long, slender, clearly outlined. The eyes are large and somber. The faces and eyes alone convey character and situation. The figures seem stiff and conventional to men accustomed to Western art, and the whole mood of the paintings is far removed from the emotionalism found in the Sistine Madonna, in the art of Leonardo, Botticelli, or Fra Angelico. There is a strange immobility of composition found in the lack of movement and gesture to express strong internal feeling. There is no pathos. The unusual reserve lends a marked, distinctive effect. The personality of the maker himself is oddly imperceptible.

These works of a deep, simple devotion were executed on a wooden board of cypress or pine about two or three centimeters thick, of fine enough texture to be rubbed to the color and smoothness of ivory. The surface was then coated with a mixture of lime and glue, and the design of the icon drawn in Chinese ink. Upon this the artist painted, using colors fused with the yolk of egg to make them smooth and melting. Oils, being of human manufacture, were considered unworthy for use in depicting a representation of Divinity.

The most important details were those of the face and the garments. Ochre was used extensively in the beginning almost exclusively for the face, with a mixture of white and umber. For the garments it was blended with colors brought from as far as Jerusalem. The nimbus and certain other details were enhanced with gold leaf, then affixed to the painting with encaustic. Upon completion, the icon was coated with oil to darken the tones and to protect the colors against time. The only difference in the execution of the larger works adorning the churches was that the outlines were scratched and grooved out by a pointed implement in a process called "grapheya".

Within the passage of the years, many icons were covered with metal—precious gold and silver—or they were enameled. Only the faces and hands of the figures show through it. These coverings protected the paintings from the marks of kisses and touches, served as shields for the icons carried into battle against the Tartars and enriched and honored the work. They also gave vent to the desire for sculpturing, for all the details of the pictures were embossed upon the metal. They are richly chased and set with gorgeous jewels. The halos are of many delicate and precise forms, standing out in shining relief. Some have plaques on which tiny figures are represented, others are just settings for precious stones. The *Virgin of Vladimir* possesses one of the most striking settings, and holds an emerald worth more than fifty thousand dollars.

The art forms of the Russian icons embody the influences of Greek antiquity in the high idea of man, the sense of "measure", a sobriety, and a sure taste in display. The influence of the old Orient is evident in the exalted sense of color, the love of luxury spontaneously consecrating the

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treasures of the earth to God, and in an aptitude for decorative perfection. Christianity is felt above them all, as it was in Byzantine art. The world had a new idea in which to clothe nature and the arts: that of the Gospel of Christ Crucified.

The austerity, the mastery of color selection, the formalism are the predominant factors carried from Byzantine art to the Russian. The slow change to a national form is shown through the "schools" of icon painting. The earliest of these was the Novgorod school, founded in the palace of the bishop of that city, and dominating Russian painting from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. It had a new, vigorous strength even though it was based on the period of decadence in Byzantine art. D. A. Rovinsky, the greatest authority on Russian iconography, characterizes the distinctive signs of these paintings: "The design is clear cut; the lines are long and straight; the figure is usually short—seven to seven and a half heads in height; the face long, the nose drooping a little over the mouth; the robes painted in two colours, or their various parts outlined in thick lines of black and white. The 'ojivky' or fine white lines round the eyes, on the forehead and nose, and also on the joints of the hands and feet—found also in other paintings—are one of the chief attributes of the Novgorod school; the buildings are represented simply, roughly outlined by hand; hills are divided into squares and circles; gold in the robes is laid on with a brush and sometimes the background of the ikon is overlaid with gold-leaf."

The coloring given to the flesh tones is the one distinguishing mark of the various types of icon schools. The Novgorod inclined to the yellow and orange, the Stroganoff to greenish tints which later became more conventionalized.

EXOTIC ART OF HOLY RUSSIA

In the churches of Kiev, where many of the artists were trained by Greek masters, the faces on the icons were a cinnamon brown.

The work originating in Pskov is characterized by great simplicity in the folds of the saints' garments, and in the reproductions in gold of the folk-embroidery designs which enriched the gowns of the women living in that section. This school ended with the term of Ivan the Terrible, about 1570. The Moscow trend reveals the desire for decoration in the overlaid backgrounds. The dainty, light tones of Novgorod became opaque, earthy tones with flashes of brilliant color set against backgrounds of gold. The Monastic, the Village, the Friaisky schools of painting are of lesser importance and are extremely difficult to determine.

Of all the gifted artists only the names of Cimabue, Manary Simon, the Metropolitan Peter, Andrei Rublev, and Duccio survive. Rublev is the greatest of them all, and painted under the Novgorod period while he was a monk in the Troizko-Sergiev convent (1370-1430). There is an artistic perfection and maturity in his work, besides his intensely beautiful coloring and vitality. He worked on the *Holy Trinity* from 1409 to 1425 and it bears shades of unearthly blues and ivory whites which are unique to his work. He gave a spirit to Russian art. His *The Descent Into Hell* reveals a splendid power derived from the repeated diagonals across the central circular form given by Christ's aura. It has exquisite detail and the lasting wonder of copper blues.

With the fall of Constantinople in 1456, the visible influence of Byzantine art was greatly weakened. During the reign of Ivan the Terrible a slight decline became perceptible; individual groups of icon-painters rose and there

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was a seeming division between the art of the few and the art of the masses. The Stroganov school prevailed through the years, till they were summoned to the court of the first Romanoffs. New traditions from the West spread into the painting. From the old Asiatic, a new character of art had been formed. The Metropolitan of Moscow was the head of the Russian Church, and when that city burned in 1547, he called upon provincial artists to restore the damage.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries brought added Western traits and a note of naturalism. Tsar Michael Feodorovitch introduced Dutch and Scandinavian portrait painters to the Russian court, an idea carried even further by his son, Alexis. This foreign influence resulted in the *izographic* tendency in Russian painting. A great tide of cosmopolitanism swept in during the reign of Peter the Great, and the national sentiment became lost. The *oukaz* in 1707 established a board of control, whose president was the Metropolitan Stephen Yavorsky. They were obliged to protest against the occurrence of carved or moulded images, and the crosses worn around the necks of the people. The art work had become highly specialized; there were groups of draughtsmen, designers, painters of faces, painters of robes, of architectural surroundings, and "herbage painters". The names of fifteen iconographers of this century are known. The subject of Christ before Pilate was painted as a result of the Western tide; it had never been treated by the Russians before. They also attempted to paint music, to depict, for instance, the hymn *Because of Thee, O Blessed, shall all creation rejoice*. Source material was drawn from both the *Old* and the *New Testaments*, from the *Song of Songs*, from the *Lives of the Fathers*, from the *Tsvetnaya Triod*, or the order of Service for Eastertide.

Throughout the whole succession of iconography there is a strangely homogenous expression, a single, constant root. The golden, hieratic symbols are non-naturalistic in source and sheer coloristic in technique. The particular shades and types of color combinations are distinctive, as is the organization of pure and lacquer-like pigment for the purpose of isolating and communicating form. A new type of face evolved from this art. As causality is unknown, the artist through his imagination is allowed to put almost anything into the backgrounds. There is a fine and grand organization of silhouettes on a flat surface, a rhyming effect of double silhouettes. The plastic grasp of form which the West has is entirely lacking.

Through long-time exposure most of the church paintings were dulled, were coated with dirt from the air, the incense, the candle smoke. So many of them were repainted—and most amazingly the icons of the Virgin have sometimes degenerated into a picture of a bearded prophet or a vested saint. The *Vladimir Madonna*, when it was “uncovered” in 1919 disclosed repaintings of six different periods: in the thirteenth, the fourteenth, the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and the nineteenth centuries. The lowest layers of these ancient icons will not yield to the solvents used, and have to be chiselled off with extreme skill. Sometimes one square inch represents an entire day’s labor in removing.

This *Virgin of Vladimir* dates from the eleventh century, and is deeply rooted in the history of Russia. She has saved Moscow from hostile attacks many times, and the Tsars of the land have always prayed before her on their coronation days.

One of the greatest pieces of Russian iconography is *The Quadripartite Icon* which includes in beautiful color and

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design, the *Raising of Lazarus*, the *Old Testament Trinity*, *The Presentation in the Temple*, and *Saint John the Evangelist and Procharus*. It is from the Novgorod school, and the painters are as unknown as the lack of their own personality in the work.

Being so near to the heart and soul of Russia, these icons are surrounded with legends and stories of miracles. There is the Iberian *Mother of God*, a twelfth century icon hung in the Iberian monastery at Mount Athos, which bears a scratch on the right cheek. (All the copies of this icon do too.) It is the story that an impious Tartar caused it with his sword, but upon seeing a drop of blood oozing from the wound, was converted.

One of the most famous tales concerns the Church of Sancta Sophia in Constantinople, where Ley, an icon-painter, was commissioned by the Tsar to paint a figure of Our Savior near the door to be used as the Imperial entrance. The church held a relic from Jerusalem, a towel upon which the outline of Our Lord's Face had been imprinted. Christ had sent this to the sick Prince of Edessa who, unable to see Him, had sent artists to paint His picture. They were strangely unable to paint His face. Ley knelt in study of the towel for a long time. The whole church was completed, yet Ley worked on and on. When he had it finished except for the little finger of the right hand, a flame appeared over the portrait and asked: "When hast thou seen Me, then?" Ley's right arm was struck limp, and he was made dumb. Justinian the Tsar placed a silver finger upon the icon as a sign against presumptuous pride in man.

But the ideal of the icon-paintings was that they be executed "with honest mind and decent purpose and with noble love for embellishment, that the people may see them-

selves here as standing before the face of the Sublime". They were created consciously, not casually. They were impressions of beauty; they were to belong to the House of God. Nicholas Roerich has said of them: "Almost the highest place in ancient Russian artistic creation should be given to the icons. . . . The faces of the 'wonder-working' paintings are magically impressive. There is a deep understanding of the effects of silhouette-painting in them; and a deep sense of proportion in the treating of the background. The faces of Christ, of the Virgin, of some beloved Saints seem actually to radiate the power attributed to them: the Face of Judgment, the Face of Goodness, the Face of Joy, the Face of Sorrow, the Face of Mercy, the Face of Omnipotence—yet still the same face—quiet in its features, fathomless in the depth of coloring: the wonder-working face."

The icons of Russia should not be looked upon, as they are today, in the light of mere works of art. The inspiration behind them must be considered, for they are not merely representative of the art form of the Russian people. They are not even religious paintings; but they are the expression of a religious principle. They have approached the Real.

Quando?

And what is Spring, my dear, if not a lark?
 Pinions golden in the sun
 She flies to mating.
 Spring has a song, my dear; summer a hush—
 Summer is two swallows, two
 Dipping and soaring, two as one.
 Spring has gone, has gone, my dear,
 And I am waiting.

MARY BERGEN JOHNSTON

Failure of the Brave

GRACE LUND

THE house had been built to last forever. It was to have endured like the hills, to be as little furrowed by the circling seasons as they were, as little moved as they by the people that came and went.

He had put all the earnings of his life into its thick walls, its heavy, overhanging roof, the tremendous hand-hewn blocks of stone that fitted together like puzzle-pieces. The house was the reward of his life—the epitome of his labor.

And it was gone.

He had built it hurricane proof, though there were few hurricanes in this part of the country—it was to have endured for centuries and weather often changes. He had made it fireproof. He could have lighted fires all around it, or in it, and they would have consumed themselves in flickering futility. It would have needed no repairs.—After it was built he was to have been able to relax and consider his battle for shelter permanently won. He would have put the careless winds outside his twenty-four inch walls, roofed out the changeable sky with slate, been able to close the heavy windows against the rain.

He would have been able to defy nature in such a house. Nothing the elements did would have disturbed him. He would be free of the bondage to nature. He would be the master, deigning to consort with the outdoors only when his casual mood so dictated.

The house was gone.

FAILURE OF THE BRAVE

Its foundation had been blasted in the top of a mountain—the cellar was blasted from solid rock. Durability, surely. Everything had been calculated. Everything but the stupidity of man.

Who could say who had left the box of dynamite in the cellar? Who could say what unbalanced the heavy pipe to fall on it?

He had been walking up to the house from the town when it had happened. He had heard the deafening explosion, and it had reechoed within him, as if his bursting dreams confirmed reality.

He had seen the indestructible rock fly into the air as if it had been plaster. To his horrified eyes it had appeared to happen very slowly—the pieces went up and descended deliberately.

After the sound had fled from his ears and from his heart, the hundred valleys and crevices re-echoed the catastrophe, like a Greek chorus, reiterating calamity.

He had dug and picked around the ruins, almost deliberately wounding himself by impressing the disaster more deeply on his consciousness, as if he carved it there with a knife. Like a man in a stupor he had salvaged ridiculous things, and never thought of the big ones.

The little furniture that had been in the house—for it had been completed but recently—was strewn, broken, around the tremendous heap of ruins. He had picked up a tablecloth, then cast it down without looking at it. He remembered a cup he had found—a cup that had been ironically whole.

He looked at the hand that had held it—the cup was still there. One whole piece remained of his life. One trivial, ridiculous drinking cup. He threw it against a stone and

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smiled at its crash. Its wholeness had seemed to mock him. It had seemed like one of those craven souls who lose nothing because they venture nothing, and who gloat over the failures of the brave.

He did not know where he was walking. He only knew that he was walking away.

He was probably still on his own property, for in his desire to approximate a god, he had bought the mountain. The slope was still his—the monotony of the crickets did not dispute his claim, and the startled birds and rabbits made way for him. The stream had already forgotten the explosion and was singing unconcernedly to itself.

The crown of the mountain was gone and the mountain did not care.

Nature was as undisturbed as it had been before he had built his stronghold against it. The vicissitudes of wind and weather annoyed him, but he apparently did not annoy them. To him they were an irrational, senseless beast, bent on his destruction for no reason but to prove themselves master.

It was probably because he had lived so much of his life outdoors that he hated the power of nature. He had worked in mines, on ships, on farms, and finally on dams. His projects had been tremendous things, for his desires were great. And he had achieved all he had desired—for the single day his house had lasted after its completion he had been conqueror of the universe.

He had been Jove on a Mount Olympus. His head had been in the clouds, and the lightning had been at his fingertips.

Now he was a suppliant mortal again.

He had been master, sure of his home, sure of his com-

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forts, his income sufficient. For he would have exercised his domination over nature in other ways besides sitting on a throne above it. He would have forced it to produce giant vegetables for him, and he would have bought superb livestock. He would have been completely independent—lord of creation.

Still he walked.

It was all downhill, through devious tangles of vines and branches, for he shunned the road on which he had come up, and from which he had seen it. Sometimes he stumbled, and often a tree seemed to put out a clawed hand to scratch him mockingly, as a crowd of small boys will throw stones at a dog that is muzzled.

He did not know why he walked. The sun was beginning to set, and he felt the coolness of dew upon his face. The everlasting pane of the sky was monotone, except in the west where a brilliant scarlet testified to the victory of nature.

He hated it all. He hated every branch, every shining leaf, every limp, nondescript weed. He was to have been master. He had formulated his plans for more than ten years—his was to have been the universe—his, an independent glorious life, alone.

He wanted to kill the workman who had left the dynamite. If he had met anyone at that moment, he would have killed him, merely because he was human and because the destruction had been caused by a human agent.

He broke branches viciously, taking joy in the livid gashes that appeared on the tree trunks. If he were not master of the universe, he could at least destroy.

But destruction did not make him powerful. For surely the workman who was responsible, through carelessness, had

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less power than he. A day laborer, doubtless, who worked only to feed himself that he might work on the morrow. That was not the sort of man who overcame such as he.

It could not have been anyone so trivial. He felt that it had been some psychic force of nature that had thwarted him. The gods had sent a disguised thunderbolt and the workman had been the instrument.

He was on the main road now, and fury fed him strength so that his pace did not diminish. He knew now that he was going to a town, that he was going to shout at someone, that he was going to kill someone. For if he could not be master of the elements, at least he would be powerful over a man—powerful enough to take from him his life.

He would have to be a large man, a large, intelligent, successful man—not a brute or a coward. He would make his supremacy known to nature by annihilating one of its slaves. There would have to be a struggle—for force must be met with force or it is foolish.

He did not know who the man would be. He had no acquaintances in the town aside from the age-bowed grocery clerk and the timid station master. Surely there must be someone to fit his specifications.

Then he remembered. This morning when he had walked down the quiet main street he had collided with a man. The man had been tall, with intelligent looking eyes and he had looked powerful.

"I'm sorry," the man had said. Then meeting his scowl, he had added, "You don't own the street," and had pushed him aside.

He was the man. It was he on whom his rage would be spent. He would be the victim sacrificed to his power—stolen from the possessions of nature. His pent-up violence

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almost blinded him, now that he was near his goal. He would destroy this man, as his dream of life had been destroyed. He would be powerful!

But there were details to settle before he could be satisfied.

The man surely was not walking the street waiting to be killed. He must be in one of the houses, relaxing after his supper. In one of the unlasting white clapboard houses that rocked in a good winter wind and invited rain through the wooden shingles.

He did not know the man's name. Then he remembered. He had seen him turn in at the gate of one of the pasteboard dollhouses. It had had something dark in the front. He walked up the street, examining each house. Something dark in front, on the left hand side of the street. Oh, and when he found the man, he could destroy his house as well as him. His strength would make ruins of all the man had created, as his creation had been ruined.

He saw a house with a leafy vine hanging over a bamboo blind, that screened a porch. That was something dark. That was the house. Now he remembered. That was the house.

He had flung open the gate before he remembered that he must gain entrance to the house by means other than force. There was no use in tearing up the whole pasteboard town and all the weak men in it. He swung the gate to and walked a little distance away.

He should know the man's name. Then he would be sure. Then he could get into the house, or force him out into the street. He waited.

A boy came whistling up the waiting silence of the street, his well defined shadow contrasting with the vaguely outlined, ever-shifting reflections of the leaves.

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"Hey!" He called to the boy.

The boy left off his tune abruptly and stared at him.

"What?" he said.

"Who lives here?" he demanded, ready to shake the boy if he did not tell.

"Sam Schrader. Why?" The boy looked at him curiously, as if expecting an answer. He glared at the child, until he resumed his walk, not daring to whistle.

Then he flung the gate open so that it hit the fence. Sam Schrader. Not the name for a giant, but not the name of a fool. Sam Schrader.

The door bell at the end of the porch made him hesitate, and finally, made him ring it. Then he stood impatiently waiting, staring through the screen door into the twilit living room, hating its thin floor, its wispy curtains, its unsubstantial furniture.

The ring of the bell echoed through the house again. A woman came down the stairs. He had not prepared for the exigency of coping with a woman. He had wanted Sam, wanted him without preliminaries.

She swung the screen door toward him.

"Hello," she said. Then, "Oh, I thought you were Sam."

He went into her living room, though he knew not why.

"I came for Sam," he said.

"He's been gone since noon," she said. "He rode up to the mine. He's never been gone so long. I don't know what could have happened."

He heard her voice shake at the last words. He had not heard anyone's weakness so plainly expressed for many years. His had been a world of strength, a world of force. He had not known that weak people could be as pleasant to be with as she was.

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"Don't worry," he heard himself say, and he was amazed at the words. "Probably something has happened to him on the road."

She gasped and sat down quickly. He knew then that he had hurt her and he hated himself for it. He wanted to make amends, to make her smile, and he did not know how. He, who had almost been lord of the universe, was powerless before her tears.

He tried to make his voice gentle. "He's all right," he said. "No one would ever hurt him."

They waited, intensely filling the empty hours with worry, until ten o'clock. He studied her as he would have studied a strange language, understanding her motives only by things that he distantly remembered.

She was directly opposite to the things by which he had planned his life. She thought of others before herself. She liked the trivial, uneternal things, and she made them seem suddenly pretty. She trusted him—and it made him feel sheepish to be trusted when he had come to murder—to murder a man who had done him no harm.

He sat at the far end of the room from her—afraid to come near her, because she was powerful in a way he had forgotten. She would probably never hate nature, or desire revenge. She would probably never hate anything.

He wanted to protect her. He wished that this little house were his and that he had built it for her. He forgot his impenetrable stronghold on the mountain. That was no place for a man—a man should be among men.

And yet, nature should be repaid for what it had done. He must damage it in some way, and not permit trivial feelings to prevent him.

At ten o'clock a shadow fell across the doorway and a

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man rattled the screen door. She did not say a word, but sprang to her feet with the most delighted expression he had ever seen.

"Sam," he heard her whisper through the screen.

Sam entered. He was as big as he had remembered, but his shoulders drooped with fatigue, and his half closed eyes did not see the other man.

"I'm all right, darling," he whispered. "It's just the car. It went off the road and broke an axle. I had to walk back."

"Oh, Sam." Then she pulled herself out of her abandonment to joy. "I'll get some supper for you right away."

She went to the door and then turned. "Oh. There's a man here to see you."

Sam looked at him. "Yes?" he said cordially.

He looked at Sam, then began to walk to the door.

"You're not the Sam Schrader I was looking for," he said dully, finding his reason for existence gone. "Sorry."

The screen door banged behind him.

He walked down the street. He did not know where he was walking, but he did not want it to be away. He wanted to have a place among men, and among women. He hated his mountain where he was to have lived like an iron god or an animal. Yet there was no place else for him to go.

He had to bend to walk up the slope, but he walked without stopping. It was daylight when he reached the top.

Ernest and Hemingway

—An Open Letter

JANET GRIFFIN

DEAR Mr. Hemingway,
Since you're always pictured dodging bombs, fighting bulls or pounding the typewriter with a four-day shadow on your manly chin, I suppose it's feminine foolishness to think that you'd ever consider devoting some of your time to anything so prosaic and pacifistic as reading an open letter from me. But, since personal satisfaction is nine-tenths of the law, Mr. H., put down the tomahawk, civilize yourself into an easy chair, and *you* do the listening for a change.

First of all, if you'll pardon the analogy, your writing is very much the essence of your name. The Hemingway in it tries to exude virility yet there is still the Ernest to contend with. And although poor Ernest is buried beneath an enormous *débris* of profanities, blood, thunder, and libido, he succeeds in extracting himself somehow and touches everything with a sort of femininity which penetrates the most iron-plated bravado. There he is, like a jack-in-the-box, ready to pop up and influence you no matter how much you try to keep the lid down.

I suppose the Hemingway part of you beamed smugly when Clifton Fadiman called you the American Byron; Byron with his cult of violence, his attraction to wild and romantic places,—his addiction to physical exercise. Then too, said Mr. Fadiman, you both share disillusionment and

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a tragic sense of defeat coupled with an undisguised defiance to the laws of traditional morality. You enjoy being a Byron, don't you—drifting from revolution to revolution, now a hero, now a lover—letting your hair grow long in the back.

But Byronic or not, I think I first became interested in you when I read *The Killers*. It was one of your first short stories, and I imagine it became a controversial subject at polite and impolite literary tables everywhere the moment the presses stopped. Within the scope of a few short pages you had drawn the attention of a cynical public to your potential creative genius. *The Killers* possesses those unmistakable qualities which produce organic tenseness. It is a balance of cold-blooded, blunt realism and a certain pathos which relieves the seeming harshness. Short cryptic sentences create a mood. Everything is directed toward an effect.

This quality of organic tenseness pervades all your works. Woolcott put it nicely. He called it "a verbal impact as bemusing as the beat of a Congo tom-tom, which induces at last in the reader the surrender of hypnosis." This rhythm, tom-tom like in quality, can convey the mood of walking, of fishing, of motion in the deep woods. Here you are a master of words using them as hot rivets to weld together an unforgettable pattern of thought.

However, in this matter of words, Mr. Hemingway, you must admit that you slip occasionally. Gertrude Stein is partially to blame for that. For the Steinian influence on your technique gives it a jagged contour which results in an almost conscious immaturity. It heaps detail onto detail until the adjectives so outweigh the feeble foundation on which they rest that the paragraphs topple out of sheer disproportion. There is a preponderance of detailed journalistic tricks: alliteration, onomatopoeia, reiteration. A

little is art, too much is abuse, Mr. H. And to prove my point—how about that passage from *For Whom the Bell Tolls*?

“‘An onion is an onion is an onion’ Robert Jordan said cheerily. And, he thought, a stone is a stone is a rock is a boulder is a pebble.” Tongue in cheek, you say?

And while we’re on the subject of words, I might add that you certainly are a master technician of dialogue. It’s too bad that you waste good technique on such worthless subjects. Talent is a means toward an end, and if that end is obscenity and rank brutality, the means, regardless of its skill, is overshadowed and alienated. Just look over an array of Hemingway typicals: bull-fighters with lax consciences, duck shooters, elephant hunters, literary hangers-on and thugs—none either elevating or even normal. They live instinctively: they do not delude themselves with reason or reverie: they live in a reality of blood consciousness immersed in primary and direct experience; hunger, thirst, alertness, wariness, aggressiveness. *The Sun Also Rises* and *To Have and Have Not* are filled with characters who enjoy physical pleasures to the extent of numbness and mix drinks with a skill unrivalled in the cruel and deterministic world in which they are placed. *To Have and Have Not* is as surrealistic as any concept by Dali, and as blatantly confusing.

I guess I’m a member of the old school that believes in a cathartic value of literature. Life is not a sordid mass, or as it was recently said of Dos Passos, “an explosion in a sewer”. Life should be representative of a cross-section. Just as we are not all saints, it equally applies that we are not all sinners. Somehow I was very much disappointed in the famed *Farewell To Arms*. The theme “nothing ever happens to the brave” presents suffering and tragedy without the

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least purge to the reader. And unmitigated suffering becomes monotonous, repetitious and barren.

Somehow I feel that in spite of all their mental incantations, most of your characters would provide excellent evolutionary evidences. For once one has read a Hemingway book, he knows exactly how every other hero or heroine is going to react in every other situation. Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*, Rawlins in *The Fifth Column*, and now Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. You might as well look at the cover of the book, find a list of the characters, and make up the story yourself. Nine times out of ten you'd be right!

And, Mr. Hemingway, may I be so Sunday-schoolish as to say that true heroism is more honestly manifested in mastery of self than all the battle-halos with which you endow your characters piled in one infamous heap. In my opinion, as far as romance goes you'd better stick to duck hunting. It's more in your field! You can be a boor and still shoot in a straight, clean line.

Since I'm doing a pretty mean job of dissecting you, I might as well get down to that much bescrambled thing called Ideology. Here I must admit that you're actually paradoxical. For as far as I can judge you're a materialistic idealist. Your world is a subhuman conflict in which everything is opposed to nature, and in which sensation has taken the place of religious deism. It is a world in which every man must look out for himself—must enjoy pleasure to its fullest since time is fleeting—may kill and murder and assault in the name of "living". Yet it is at times a world filled with a beautiful poetry of longing as if the author is seeking something firm beneath his feet, something real to quench this awful thirst for a more spiritual philosophy.

I have sensed the development of this philosophy in all

of your works. At first you touched it only lightly, as if you feared to let emotion penetrate your veneer. But it grew in spite of you. And as it grew, you grew with it. I love to read one particular passage in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Communistic, yes. But only with a small *c*. Communism, groping, searching for something. Remember?

"... a feeling of consecration to a duty toward all of the oppressed of the world which would be as difficult and embarrassing to speak about as religious experience and yet it was authentic as the feeling you had when you heard Bach, or stood in Chartres Cathedral or the Cathedral at Léon and saw the light coming through the great windows."

Yet the poetry is followed by the paradox . . .

"... So you fought, he thought. And in the fighting soon there was no purity of feeling for those who survived the fighting, and were good at it."

And there's another thing that has been puzzling me. Just who constitutes your "public"? Probably timid clerks who fight wars in arm chairs and frustrated stenographers, who dream Freudian dreams. Surely I wouldn't recommend you to convalescents with a tendency to *mal de mer* or Fascists with high blood pressure. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't recommend you to anyone with a clean mind and a heart that was made for love and not lust.

I'm disgusted with you, Mr. Hemingway. In my mind you have more writing ability than any other American . . . and you have made such a mess of it! Go right ahead chasing bombs and blowing up bridges. But sometime when you are all alone with no revolutions to bother you just ask yourself what it is all about.

I think you'll have a surprise coming to you!

Harpist, Craftsman, Romantic

—Fashioner of Finlandia

CORNELIA GASPARI

FROM Finland, "the land of a thousand lakes and islets," the world has inherited the immortal genius of Jean Sibelius. In his seventy-five years of life, he has composed symphonic poems and songs of popular appeal, but it is his seven completed symphonies which have gained for him admiration and respect as a powerful composer.

To many, Finland is a remote, frozen country with a sad peasant population lacking in many of the cultural conveniences imperative to more cosmopolitan centers. It is with this distorted concept that they regard Sibelius, whom they believe to have had little formal training for composition. In reality, Tavastehus, the place of Sibelius's birth, was relatively refined and capable of affording opportunities to one whose interests rested in music. Its inhabitants, a composite of Finnish, Swedish, and Russian origin, were actively interested in concert music and were hosts to numerous outstanding artists of the day.

Born on December 8, 1865, of mixed Finnish and Swedish stock, Sibelius was the eldest son of Battalion Surgeon Christian Sibelius and Maria Charlotta Borg. His musical education began at an early age when he received piano lessons. Later, the idea of violin-playing came to him; but he did not study this instrument seriously until he was fifteen. His first composition, *Drops of Water*, written at the age of ten, was a pizzicato duet for violin and cello.

Sibelius's family planned an official's career for him and

accordingly sent him to Helsingfors where he became a law student. But his heart and ambition were in the desire to be a great violinist. He was able to take courses at the Academy of Music while in attendance at the capital's university. It was one of his uncles who discovered his entire distaste for his law books and who suggested that he devote himself completely to music. This advice was happily seized and in the fall of 1886, Sibelius began to study composition under the famous director, Martin Wegelius. After a few years he was encouraged to write as he felt and thus he embarked upon his artistic career.

The critics' praise he received for a string suite and a string quartet earned for him a scholarship with which to continue his studies in Berlin and Vienna. But to him, German culture could not equal the depth of the Finnish, which he so greatly admired. The *Kalevala*, Finland's national epic, was the inspiration for his *Kullervo* which he began on his return to his native land. It met with immediate success upon its performance on April 28, 1892. This work exists only in manuscript and has never been given outside Finland. It is with the three heroes of the *Kalevala* that Cecil Gray draws an analogy of Sibelius. *Wainamoinen* is the great harper, *Ilmarinen*, a cunning artificer and smith, and *Lemminkäinen*, a type of northern *Don Juan*. Gray says, "In the symphonies it is the great harper, the inspired singer of his race who speaks; in many works such as the *Nightride and Sunrise*, we find the skillful and accomplished craftsman following timidly and without originality of outlook in the footsteps of Wagner, Strauss, Tchaikowsky, Grieg, and even Brahms; and finally there is the composer of the *Valse Triste*, the *Romance in D flat*, and many similar works of popular and frequently even vulgar character."

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The familiar *Valse Triste* or *Melancholy Waltz* is one number of the incidental music written for the play, *Tuolema*, which is by the composer's brother-in-law, Arvid Järnefelt. It tells the story of a young man's dying mother who rises from her bed to dance with the shadows of her deceased friends. A knock at the door is heard at the peak of her delirium, and the woman screams. The visitor is Death, *Tuolema*. This piece enjoys tremendous popularity. It is completely different from the great symphonies of the composer, its fantastically moving blue dream-shadows stir the emotions of the hearer at a varying pace—romantic, satisfying, and enchanting.

Finlandia, the often-played selection which tells of the difficulties of an oppressed people, is extremely patriotic and so aroused the Finnish population that, at one time, the Russian authorities forbade its performance. It is forceful—sincere—penetrating; one can feel the storms and the snow and the mists which are Finland. There is a pace set in this, too—but it is firmer than that of the *Valse*—almost grim. It is because of this tone poem, primarily, that Sibelius is respected as a nationalistic composer.

In all of his music his background is reflected. As Cecil Gray says, "It is music full of the loneliness and terror of the long Arctic nights, and in its happier and more tranquil moments, full of the poignant poetry of the brief season of sunshine and warmth in which the emotions of spring, summer, autumn, are all blended in one fleeting moment of respite between two wintry eternities."

Yet Sibelius has by no means been influenced by, nor has he used the ancient peasant songs in any way; neither is he a mere symbol of his race. His composition is thoroughly original and not even minutely imitative of the great masters

who preceded him. He is primitive in the sense that his works possess a subtle tone and a singularity of expression.

In 1904, Sibelius decided to move from Helsingfors because as he candidly stated, "I was too sociable to be able to refuse invitations that interfered with my work. I found it very difficult to say *no*. I had to get away." His choice was not a European capital but a secluded haven where he built a house, two miles from the railroad station Järvenpää. It is on the edge of a lake and almost in the forest. But from his pen, far from the conventionalized world, have come great masterpieces.

With his later works, Sibelius has become completely classical and has forsaken his earlier romantic strain. This change represents a natural growth and is not scorn for the past. Sibelius once said, "I am the slave of my themes, and submit to their demands."

Sibelius is fairly worshipped by his countrymen who feel that he has brought musical recognition to Finland. In some years his birthday was made a national holiday and was the cause of great rejoicing and merriment. But the desire to leave has never taken hold of him. He refused a chair at the Vienna Conservatorium which was offered to him in 1912; and he also rejected the lucrative directorship of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester in 1920. He is content in his Finnish forests.

Sibelius did accept an invitation to compose a special orchestral work for the Litchfield, Connecticut, June festival and to conduct it himself. He arrived in the United States in the spring of 1914 with the score of *The Oceanides*. He was delighted with everything, especially the countryside; but the acme of his visit came with the honorary doctorate of music conferred upon him by Yale University. The cita-

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tion concluded: "What Wagner did with Teutonic legend, Dr. Sibelius has done in his own impressive way with the legends of Finland as embodied in her national epic. He has translated the *Kalevala* into the universal language of music, remarkable for its breadth, large simplicity, and the infusion of a deeply poetic personality."

Sibelius speaks for his people to all people.

Devotion

Oh, to be one of the palm leaves strewed
Along thy streets, Jerusalem!
Rather that, than to be the rood
That holds Him in a wide embrace,
For my arms are weak, and roughly hewed,
And my heart would splinter beneath the nail.
Rather be palm than virgin veil
That clasps the image of His face,
For my heart is formed to a lowly place.

Let me but lie as a pavement-stone
Along thy streets, Jerusalem!
Or let me be, where He kneels alone,
An olive leaf in Gethsemane.
Or return to dust my flesh and bone,
That I may on street and hillside lie,
And kiss His feet as they stumble by—
Oh, let me be dust, on Calvary.

MARY BERGEN JOHNSTON

Commedia Philosophia

—Dante and Plato

GENE MORTLOCK

THE greatest of thinkers are those who can synthesize and rejuvenate the fruits of previous thought, who can construct a palimpsest of personal philosophy upon the fabric of their intellectual heritage. In this Dante was fortunate not only in being the chronological heir to the wisdom of Plato, of Aristotle, and of Christ, but in sharing in the contemporary genius of the great systematic thinker, St. Thomas Aquinas.

Dante is the supreme poet of Christianity, the arch-dramatizer of supernatural faith. In developing his immortal epic of spiritual struggle and victory, he has conscripted his profound sense of a moral order to militate in union with his instinct for the universal and the infinite, and proposes an answer to the mystery of life not by recourse to its origin but by perusal of its purpose and end.

The seeds of this philosophic rebellion had been sown in the distant past of Greek thought by Plato and Aristotle, but they had lain in hostile soil and needed the fertile genius of a great poet to awaken them to flourishing supremacy. Plato had embodied this transition of the notion of essence from cause to use when he advocated ethical research. "Discover the right principle of action, and you will have discovered the ruling force in the universe. Evolve a notion of a supreme good and you will understand the world."

The *Ethics* of Aristotle develops this theme which can reach its culmination in the Christian poet as a principle of

understanding. This moralistic philosophy attempted not to describe nature but to pass judgment upon it and in Dante, the myth of Plato becomes history. The concentric stage of Neoplatonism is dramatized in Dante's Soul Universe where the Platonic Good and its refulgent light is paralleled by Dante's "point of light" for God. The perfect intelligence of this choice is guided by Platonic example and Christian principle since according to Charles Dinsmore it is at once

omnipresent, indivisible, incorporeal, incomprehensible; its center is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. Move the point and we have a line, swing the line and we have a circle, revolve the circle and we have a sphere. What more meaningful symbol is there of Him who is the source and center of all, the omnipresent fountain of life, than a point 'so keen that the sight on which it shines must needs close because of its intense keenness!

The very cosmology of Plato's concentric spheres is reflected in the concentric circles of *Paradiso*, and the notion of the light of Plato's Good being reflected back by love and thought is a pagan counterpart of the Christian cycle of man's fall and his salvation. The Platonic process was eternal and continuous, however, and sin was a material evil resulting from spatial separation from the influence of the Good. Dante's Christianity placed his epic in temporal action only once perpetrated by the individual journey of the soul towards redemption and sin was a willful turning away from the omnipotent ethics. Dante superimposed the Christian legend upon a Platonic cosmology governed by Aristotelian ethics.

But Dante does more. His whole *Divine Comedy* is the "voice of ten silent centuries" and he is the interpreter and epitome of his epoch. In his poem lies the answers to all the questions of his day, a day which was primarily engaged in

reconciling pagan and Christian philosophy, but which was specifically disputing the value and temporal relationship of universals to particulars. George Santayana says, "Dante read contemporary Italy as the Hebrew prophets read the signs of their times." And bringing to these controversies the wisdom of a profound intellect he evolved an answer out of Christian dogma. The universals must have existed before particulars since God must have had some plan or form on which to practise creation; the universals must also exist in the particulars or we could not abstract their essence and consequently, since our ideas persist even when their particular objective is absent, the universals must likewise exist after the particulars.

But the *Divine Comedy* has, according to the author's own statement, four meanings. Not least of these is the political theory which is in essence even more idealistic than the moral philosophy. However, the dreams propounded by his great imagination and insight, if not practical for his beloved Florence or his deluded Roman Empire, are assuming factual significance today.

The Catholic Church is now the spiritual, unified, catholic church that he wished, devoid of its temporal pretensions and injuries. His dominant faith in the commonwealth of authority is but too evident in contemporary politics. And if we are deaf to his rigid morality, we are no better or no worse than his own brethren for whom he expressly wrote his inspired allegory to awaken them to the character of sin.

Sin, he warned, blinds the intellect. The will is not the instrument of evil since the will is attracted by good and is automatically repulsed by the bad. The error lies in the intellect's false apprehension which directs the will towards

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a supposed good which in its triviality deflects the soul from permanent worth. Man is not punished for his sins but by them. Although Dante's Hell is a concrete geographical place, its salient lecture is the emphasis on the sinner's compulsion to penance and the psychological character of the penalty. The sinner is painted in a symbolic environment presided over by devils personifying his guilt. Hell is a condition of the soul, a perversion of love. Just as God is Divine Love penetrating and enfolding all things, the blackened soul creates by its very anarchy a region of hate and determinism that by its static repugnance is a cold mockery of freedom and peace. In the more active Purgatorio, hope revives the soul to its battle upward toward that all-encompassing love.

Dante is essentially the poet of love. It is his guiding force and in the figure of Beatrice becomes the unifying principle of the world. She is a miracle of God, Divine Truth, Divine Love. She is the crystallization of Plato's concepts mirroring the unitary progress of the intellect towards perfection. In Dante symbolism and literalness are simultaneous and so it is not extraordinary to find Beatrice real and symbolic.

Dante's universe is all love, magic and symbolism and it can be reduced to one person, Beatrice. She is the dominant ideal who is more than a mere image or representation but includes one gigantic governing force that accordingly moved and revived Dante's whole world. She is the magic impulse of his creation just as the world's magic is love since that is the ultimate goal of all aspirations. This emphasis upon our goal and purpose is indicative of the transition from sensual observation to moral interpretation and might well be revived today to reconcile our empiricists with our rationalists.

Obviously the elaborate symbolism of Dante's four-fold doctrines would be more than ridiculous in modern literature, but the essential duality of his thought has yet to be surpassed for logic and precision in its exposition and substantiation. Sense and science in his system may be subordinate but they do not exclude themselves from metaphysics and theology. Dante believes implicitly in both the sensible and the suprasensible. Ultimately, as we have said, his genius is inherent in his synthetic judgments.

In *The Golden Thread*, Philo M. Buck says of him,

He has caught from the Oriental the significance of the spiritual life but, unlike the Oriental, he refuses to regard the problems of this world with indifference. Like the Hebrew, he sees the utmost significance of the moral law and of obedience; but unlike the Hebrew, he refused to be content with the thought of a transcendent deity whom the human intellect may not compass. Like the medieval ascetic, he feels the near thrill of ecstasy at the vision of Divine splendour; but unlike the ecstatic monk, he is convinced that somehow, somewhere, there is a manifestation of the same intelligent Deity in the daily affairs of even sinful man. . . . He is more universal than the Greek only in that he draws into the channel the best streams also of the Orient. He will not allow a wedge to be driven between man's spiritual life and his daily sojourn on earth.

Surely he was an inspired synthesizer.

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EDITORIAL

They Also Serve

By now there can be no question as to the existence of the second World War or of American participation, formal or material.

Whether America actually engages in this second logical slaughter to make the world safe from democracy, or pursues the more bloodless and less cheered destruction of merely existing in a world drunk on the notion of chaos to cancel national depressions, one task remains the same.

This task is for the women of America. It is a task for the women of the world, but more for American women, because, since their homes have not been destroyed or their men murdered, they yet have time to prepare.

The preparation is to stabilize and insure that for which the men willingly or unwillingly give their lives; for which the government is verging on bankruptcy; for which we live in peace as well as in war.

These are the good things, the idealistic things, the eternal things.

The task is that of women, because in that capacity, for which men depend on them, they can perform an infinitely greater service than in any blood-and-thunder airplane or ambulance driving, or trivial knitting.

Perhaps we could classify this vague duty under the heading of Religion. But it is not quite religion, though it is based on that. It comes down to a fundamental intelligent sense of values, materially and spiritually.

During the war we must prevent morbid defeatism,

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and surrender to emotional propaganda, and after it we must prevent exaggerated materialism.

For surely we do not fight for material gains, but for spiritual freedom, and if America submits to worship of physical pleasures and possessions because life is expensive, and to moral recklessness because goodness is inconvenient, civilization will recede rather than advance.

A world or a nation can be no finer than the people who live there. Civilization cannot stand still and it is the duty of educated Christian women, who are tremendously influential though they may be unconscious of it, to guide those in their immediate spheres to better living.

The fight to immortalize high standards need not be fought with blood, but gently, and by example better than by persuasion. What remains to the world after religion, intelligent statesmanship, unselfishness, and intellectual curiosity are dead?

We must keep peaceful homes which are the center of a family life. We must preserve our intellectual heritage and add to it by unprejudiced thought. We must not be sheepish about such virtues as sincerity, devotedness, charity, and courage. We must keep intact our religion.

These are the things for which women fight at home, while men endure the nightmare of battle.

These are the things that must be preserved for them, and generations like them, to return to, now and forever.

If You're Reading

Who Walk Alone. PERRY BURGESS. New York. Henry Holt and Company. 1940.

This is a success story. It is the biography of a young American who was stricken with leprosy on the threshold of his career and who managed to overcome the limits of his disease by courageously forsaking his old life and beginning a new one.

For Ned Ferguson never was cured of leprosy, though he was treated for it constantly from the time he went a thousand miles to the only leprosy doctor in America to ascertain the cause of areas of sensationless skin. Yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that he never infected a healthy person and that his disease made unhappy as few people as possible.

After the diagnosis was pronounced definitely, Ned removed himself from the lives of his family and friends by staging a false suicide. Only his brother knew the true situation.

Then Ned was isolated in the heart of New York City. This chapter is the only horrible, hopeless one, for the torture he felt from evading people hurt him almost more than the solitude of his house.

But after he was sent to the leper colony at Culion, an island near the Philippines, hope was restored. He responded promptly to the friendliness and to the exquisite tropical beauty. He describes the cliffs: "There came to my mind pictures I had seen of old cathedrals, temples and palaces—beauty rising out of ruins. Why not man? Why must ugliness rise out of the ruins of a man? I had my answer to the problem that had been torturing me. I would find things to do. I would cheat the empty days. I would make beauty."

So he does. First, concretely, by making his cottage and

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garden a place of wonder, then by initiating industries among the idle lepers and so giving them back life, if life is action.

The narration is in effective first person. Activities on the island are well described and specific persons are so well drawn as to be remembered.

Ned's adjustment and success make this biography interesting and unforgettable. It is highly recommended.

GRACE LUND

A Winter Tide. ROBERT NATHAN. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1940.

Like many of the poets of today Mr. Nathan has written about the bitterness of a war-sick world. In *A Winter Tide* he strikes a somber note, a note of resignation, telling us that

*The greener spring, the new and happy year
Are not for us but for the birds to praise.*

Mr. Nathan does not rail too loudly against the gods, and his anger is directed chiefly at the war lords. In his sonnet *To the Germans* he deals a telling blow to the twin specters, race prejudice and persecution, warning the oppressors that

*Who has no earth will take his heart for roots,
And draw his living downward from the sky.*

In the present crisis he sees a chastened Athens beneath the yoke of Sparta; for the world has "no need of statues and poems now", and Sparta "Has the army with banners the men of might."

Mr. Nathan writes of the horrors of which we have been so very much aware during the past year, and he writes with force, and with power, and conviction. He does not despair of man who turned his grief into a weapon to use

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upon himself; but neither does he rebel against the temporary strength of greed and hatred that cuts one man off from his brother:

*It would be wiser, since we live in fear,
To use our sorrows to correct our ways.
If winter be the color of our days,
Then learn of winter to be still and clear.*

JOAN CARSON

This Is My Own. ROCKWELL KENT. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1940 (Drawings by the author).

This is a story of the dreams, the ideals, the life of a man and his family. The man is an artist, keenly sensitive to beauty, keenly cognizant of the brotherhood of man, and of the dire necessity of preserving democracy here in America. The time is from the prosperous '20's to the turbulent present, and the scene revolves from the fixed orbits of Mr. Kent's Adirondack farm and his retreat in Greenland, to his very flexible wanderings in the United States and South America.

Rockwell Kent writes exactly in that mode of his thought, and evolves a virile if somewhat choppy style. He is essentially a passionate man, and he thinks and feels as deeply when he is gazing at the mountains surrounding his home as when he is championing the cause of the People versus the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company or the marble workers of Vermont.

The whole political set-up of upper New York state and corrupt Essex County in particular, the economic difficulties of that section and its farmers are revealed in a rather dramatic manner through Mr. Kent's own entanglements with them. It is evident that the artist and the author make

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one man who is not just awake to his art and dead to the rest of the world. Perhaps one could criticize the artist for using his art as propaganda; but one could never criticize the man for his campaign for other men.

Kent is capable of original phrasing, as when he says, "One whispers in a church: if one could make a whisper visible it would be, in Glenlough, that house." His character sketches are finely drawn; he has precise and interesting reactions to people, houses, philosophies, and finance. However, the literary merit of the book is not sustained throughout the entire tale; the beginning and the end are far more profound, of far more value than the episodes dealing with Mr. Kent's murals in Washington for life on the "Nut Farm".

With all the force of his personality fusing into his writing, it is the illustrations which embody all the power, all the smiting spirit of his thoughts. Where his words have been circumlocutory, the deft stroke of his pen is sharp, biting, satiric, and is guided by an inner concept of what is universal to all. There is the particular beauty of Asgaard in the morning sun; there is the particular suffering of haggard women and starving children. They are symbols of what Kent has found to discuss. The whole mood of his book lies in his final lines: "In this country that is my own, on Asgaard that's my own, I live. Here in America leave me and mine and all Americans at peace. Here and not elsewhere let us die, that here at last each one of us may claim six feet of native soil and on his headstone carve:

'This Is My Own' "

DOROTHY ZWIER

Roger Fry. VIRGINIA WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1940.

The biography of Roger Fry should be a great one because a man who was a Quaker, scientist, and artist all in one, who launched the Post-Impressionist movement in England, and who enjoyed the reputation of the greatest art critic of his day is food for a great biography. But Miss Woolf has not done justice to her subject. Instead we find her following Mr. Fry through her book like a shadow, never letting him out of her sight, scrupulously noting every detail, yet never coming close enough to get a good look at him. The reader is treated to long, monotonous paragraphs and dosed with prolific quotations. Also, he finds himself surfeited with facts and information and always struggling feebly to push aside the veil of words and find Roger Fry.

If judged solely from the aspect of completeness, the biography of Roger Fry would be a fine book. Miss Woolf begins with an account of Roger Fry's Quaker ancestors and records an Uncle Joseph who gave up the medical profession because "he could not feel easy to accept payment for the water contained in the medicines." She describes in retrospect the little boy who was found by mocking parents waiting patiently in his garden for a bud to flower before his eyes. She gives a detailed picture of the boy's elementary education. At Cambridge, an awakening takes place in Roger Fry. Quaker scruples begin their slow decline. Art engulfs science and becomes paramount. Roger Fry begins to write, and slowly he finds himself recognized as one of the leading and most brilliant art critics of his day. He becomes director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York after repeated failures to obtain a post in England. The ensuing account of his relations with Pierpont Morgan is one of the most interesting chapters in the book.

Tragedy was etched deeply into the life of Roger Fry, but again Miss Woolf fails to get close to the heart of her subject, and as a result the reader has only a fleeting, impersonal impression of the tragedy of Mrs. Fry's ultimate insanity.

The Post-Impressionist movement is an absorbing chapter in the life of Roger Fry. The violent reaction of the British public to Roger Fry's exhibition of Cezanne, Matisse, Gauguin, and Van Gogh comes as somewhat of a surprise to the present generation which accepts these artists with tolerance if not with enthusiasm. If Roger Fry is remembered for nothing else, he will be remembered for his introduction of new life, new feeling, greater depth, and greater realism into British art. His tireless struggle to stir English artists from their lethargy and slavish obedience to tradition bore only grudging results in his generation, but the success of his efforts will not be decided in one generation. It will be decided by time, called by Miss Woolf "le seule classificateur impeccable."

JOAN FALLON

Europe in the Spring. By CLARE BOOTHE.

"The situation as it stands in America is just about as it stood in the spring in Europe." This is the burden of Clare Boothe's new book. She asserts that Democracy, to her means "liberty and justice for all". When the Declaration of Independence was written, she argues, the *for all* did not apply simply to the United States citizens; it was written before there was a United States of America. At that time we were a people who had left the Old World in order to redefine and live a Christian way of life and we found

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that one of the principles of a Christian way of life was "Liberty and justice for all." So we fought for it, and that is what made us Americans. Out of this revolutionary belief we made of ourselves a great and mighty nation. However, "if we no longer believe what we believed then and are no longer willing to fight for it, it is very likely that our 'Christian Democracy' is finished."

Miss Boothe is admittedly neither a historian nor a philosopher, nor an economist and yet, here is perhaps the most revealing book about the second World War yet written. She visited Italy, France, England, Holland, Belgium and Portugal and she talked everywhere with people in every walk of life from Count Ciano to the servants at the American Legation in Brussels. Through her reported conversations, we can see how stock syllogisms were repeated time and time again by every class of people in the European democracies (and thence their being destroyed from within by their own weakness). We see the scrupulous Dutch and Belgium neutrality availing nothing in the end. And, we see Britain saved, as she says, by a sheer geographical accident, arming desperately.

No thinking person can read these pages unmoved. Whether or not we accept Miss Boothe's conclusion or for that matter her premises, she does deserve our consideration.

MARGARET GOULD

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